

TIGHTENING THE KNOT

Snails are a problem.
Wife can't kill them --
tosses them into neighbor's
yard. I try to avoid
them feeling deep
down they're family.
But sometimes after dark
I crush one carrying
garbage cans down
to curb. Sound of
breaking shell wakes
me to fragility
of my beliefs.

OUR TOAD

A toad lives under our deck.
Comes out at night.
Heads for pan of water
under leaky faucet.
He's very unsure of himself.
Stops & shrinks whenever
he feels quake of footsteps.

SHOOT ME

It's happened more
than once. When
I feel cheap
"shoot me" pops
out of my mouth.
I push out
chest as I
say it, usually
on way to bathroom.
I know it's silly.
I do it
without thinking.